^

up. Jeanne and the two maids have come running; Mius, they, and I gather around the cage, like the gods leaning over human misery.

"Well, how are we going to kill them?" Mius finally asks.

Marthe suggests pouring boiling water on them.

"No," says Mius, "I'm going to get my knife/'

"You must try to keep them from suffering too much," says P., ordinarily so foolish, but who seems enlightened in this circumstance*

'Too bad for them! It serves them right," exclaims Juliette, the gardener's wife, two of whose rabbits the rats have eaten; *all they had to do was not to harm us."

"But they don't know that what they do is harmful," says P.

I hold myself in check to keep from upsetting the trap as if by accident; and choosing the least evil, I suggest dropping the cage into a bucket of water.

The little ones did not resist for long. But the mother's suffering went on longer than I should have thought. She leapt about frightfully; occasionally you could see a new air bubble rise to the surface. Finally her lungs were filled; all together it lasted three minutes,

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I had to interrupt my work and leave Cuverville to go and get little D. These four days in Paris have done me in. I cannot collect my ideas, nor especially my self-confidence. The article that I just about promised Riviere I do not feel capable of writing; I should like, I *ought,* to travel. I spend my best hours clearing up the passages in *Les Caves* with which Copeau was not entirely satisfied; I have great trouble doing so and succeed only after terrible nervous irritation, Riviere's article on the "novel of adventure/* which I read this afternoon, adds to my confusion; he says in it almost what I should have liked to say in my article and much better than I could have done.* In two days the

arrival of the young people A. and D. will finish upsetting me,

Trip to Italy. Sojourn at Tivoli, at Vallombrosa, at Santa Margherita,

I reproach myself bitterly for not having gone to see poor old Papa La Perouse as I went through Paris on my return journey. Probably he has no one to hold out a hand to him and is wallowing about in the darkne ss.

* Rivi&re's long article CHI the psychological novel of adventure, appeared in the *tfJSLF.* for June and July 1913, may have been iaspresd **bf** the recent novel of his friend Alala-FoiOTia:, *Le Grand M&m&m* (B% *Meaultw),* but it was pro^etic as *eg*ards the Iteatoe rf